

The Tragedy of Hamlet

And am most sensible in griefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your judgement pearce
As day does to your eye.

A noyse within.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.

How now? what noyse is that?

O heat dry up my braines, teares seven times salt
Burne out the sense and vertue of mine eye:
By heaven thy madnesse shall be paid with waight
Till our scale turne the beame. O Rose of May!
Deare maid, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia*!
O heavens! is't possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life!

Ophel. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beere,
And in his grave rain'd many a teare.
Fare you well my Dove.

Song.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perswade revenge
It could not move thus.

Ophel. You must sing a downe, a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the false steward that stole his Masters' daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Ophel. There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance, pray you
love remember, and there's Pancies, that's for thoughts:

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's Fennill for you, and Columbines, there's Rew for
you, and here's some for mee, wee-may call it herbe of Grace a
Sundayes, you may weare your Rew with a difference; there's a
Dafie: I would give you some Violets, but they witherd all when
my father died; they say a made a good end.
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thoughts and afflictions, passion, hell it selfe
She turnes to favour and to prettinesse.

Ophel. And will a not come againe,

Song.

And will a not come againe,

No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,

He never will come againe.

His beard was as white as snow,

Flaxen

Prince of Denmark

Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and w
God a mercy on his soule, and
God buy you.

Laer. Doe you this O God

King. Laertes I must comm
Or you deny meright; goe bu
Make choice of whom your w
And they shall heare and judg
It by direct or by collaterall h
They finde us toucht, we will
Our Crowne, our life, and all t
To you in satisfaction; but if
Be you content to lend your p
And we shall jointly labour w
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

His meanes of death, his obscur
No Trophey, sword, nor Hatch
No noble right, nor formall off
Cry to be heard as 'twere from
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall,
And where th' offence is let the
I pray you goe with me.

Enter Horatio

Hora. What are they that w

Gen. Sea-faring men sir, the

Hora. Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part

I should be greeted, if not from

Say. God blesse you sir.

Hora. Let him blesse thee to

Say. A shall sir an't please hi

came from the Embassadour th

name be *Horatio*, as I am let to

Hor. Horatio, when thou sha

fellowes some meanes to the Ki